

THE GREEN CALDRON

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The committee in charge of this issue of THE GREEN CALDRON includes Mr. DONALD HILL, Mr. KENNETH ANDREWS, Mr. ROBERT GEIST, and Mr. CHARLES SHATTUCK, Chairman.

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The Rhetoric Staff has recently appointed the following student editors, who will participate in CALDRON work for the remainder of the semester: Miss ALBERTA MENZEL, Miss JEANNETTE ROSS, Miss RUTH SHAMES, Miss SHIRLEY SHAPIRO, and Mr. JOHN HUNTER.

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Meet Patricia

NORMA ROHRSEN

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1940-1941

Patricia Theisen Heinrich, erratic child of an Irish shrew and an idealistic Frenchman, has lived forty years with a singleness of purpose that demands of me much respect and a little terror. Her every decisive act has been motivated by her greatest desire—to be the center of attention. For her, to be unnoticed is to be miserable.

God must have fashioned her with happiness in mind, for even now she has the striking kind of good looks that draws stares from the casual passerby. At first glance he sees restless brown eyes set in a finely-modeled, olive-skinned face, and hair that is still black. Then he notices her high cheekbones, her humorous mouth and stubborn chin. She has beautiful ankles and legs, of which she is well aware; but only the grace of God and a good foundation garment save the rest of her figure from dumpiness. She is not much more than five feet tall, but she carries herself with at least six extra inches of pride. That much of her is her French heritage. Her wit, her stubbornness, and her quick temper are qualities that all her mother's ancestors had before her. She did not inherit her father's dependability and fastidiousness.

Pat was the child of an unhappy union. Her mother, Kit O'Connell, was never in love with Philip Theisen; she was, by her own admission, never in love at all. Phil, on the other hand, idealized women, putting Kit in a perfect position to make a hell of his life. She did. The couple wrangled constantly about religion, politics, the relative merits of tea and coffee for breakfast, the neighbors, table manners, drink, and tobacco. To-

gether, they managed to make young Pat's idea of the adult world uncertain and insecure.

As a child, Pat was a holy terror. Kit was too lazy to train her six children properly, so she let them roam the neighborhood while she gadded about town. When their small naughtinesses annoyed her, she punished them severely. Once, in a fit of temper, Pat threw a butcher knife at her big sister Virginia, cutting a frightful gash in her head. Screaming, Patricia ran to her mother. "Ma! Ma!" she yelled. "The butcher knife dropped off the shelf and cut Virginia all to pieces!" Virginia was crying too hard to deny the tale, and Pat went unpunished. She developed her natural talent for lying to escape punishment; later, she fabricated stories for pure enjoyment.

Soon she discovered that her genius for fiendishly naughty pranks brought her all the attention she could wish. That it was unfavorable made no impression on her. She took especial delight in climbing onto the roof of their house, scaring the neighbors half to death. The lady who lived next door once offered her a nickel to come down from her precarious perch; her husband promised her a dime to stay there out of the way. Pat came down. She thought it was worth a nickel to have them aware of her existence.

In high school she had no trouble making boys aware of her, and she was very much aware of them. Kit, whose opinions on sex were puritanical, wanted Pat to have nothing to do with men. It may have been pure contrariness that made Pat consider masculine attention

all-important. At any rate, she cultivated men, not very subtly. In an age and a community where bright colors were a little disgraceful, Pat dressed in red. She was ousted from a public bathing beach for wearing the first daring bathing suit in town. More than a little small-town gossip swirled about Kit Theisen's prettiest daughter, and Pat gloried in every malicious word. Her boy friends exceeded in number, if not in quality, those of every other girl in town. People who saw her for the first time stared. What more could she want?

Had she been an only child, her desire for recognition might not have become a mania. As it was, four other Theisen girls offered competition in beauty, wit, and popularity. Pat's peace of mind was shattered by any rival to her supremacy, but to be outdone by one of her own family was unbearable. As a child she had always outdone them in mischievousness; and as they grew older, she was the cleverest of a group noted for its caustic wit. Her desire to maintain her superiority prompted her most ridiculous antics. She demanded of her parents the counterpart of everything her sisters received; thus when Virginia went to college, Pat, who didn't want higher education, attended the local academy. She tried—unsuccessfully, it is true—to steal her oldest sister's fiancé. By exerting all her powers, she seemed to be holding him—until he married Virginia. Pat's reaction was "Well, if she can do it, so can I!" So Patricia Theisen entered into holy matrimony.

I sometimes wonder whether she did not marry Emil Heinrich for pure spite. She could not have picked a man more displeasing to her parents. Kate and Phil were ardent Catholics; Emil's father is a strait-laced Protestant minister. Pat and her family are high-strung, irritable,

and irresponsible, but they are an intelligent lot; Emil is slow and dull. Perhaps, though, she really loves him; for in her own queer way Patricia is an affectionate creature. Husband and wife get along well together. Her temperamental outbursts and little scenes amuse, rather than annoy, him. He pays attention to her when she is angry, but he refuses to quarrel with her.

The circumstances of Pat's early married life were not ideal. When she married she stepped out of the witty and vitriolic companionship of her family and friends, into almost complete isolation; for the newly-wedded Heinrichs lived in the country. Most of her neighbors, as dull as Emil, were intolerable to Pat, who craved companionship. She looked for it among her five children, all of them husky boys with lusty appetites and remarkable talents for wearing out clothes. Irresponsible as she was in childhood, she has for twenty years now kept a family fed, clothed, and educated on an income sometimes practically nonexistent. Many a stabler mind would have cracked under the strain.

But her children have not kept her busy enough. Pat's uninteresting environment affected her just as you would have expected it to. She sought escape from her drab surroundings by dramatizing herself. When her brother married, with all the pomp and tradition of a church wedding, she regretted that she had had a hasty marriage in a parsonage, without trimmings. Therefore, on the morning of her brother's wedding day, she stole his thunder by having her own marriage vows repeated and sanctified by the Catholic Church. Since her brother was the only boy in the family to carry on the Theisen name, much was made over his wife when it became known that she was going to have a baby. Pat had

had all the children she wanted, and more; but she had always enjoyed the fuss that women make over an expectant mother. So Pat went shopping for maternity dresses and capes, and told the salesgirls she was expecting another baby.

Pat's bids for attention may deceive all the rest of the world, but never her sister Mary—probably because Mary is so much like Pat that she understands her. Just once Pat made the mistake of trying to deceive her. Mary has had painful migraine headaches since she was a child, and the silence and solemnity of her household when she had a headache impressed Pat. Why couldn't she show the same symptoms? The plan might have worked had Pat not over-dramatized the situation and produced pseudo-hysterics. "No one with a migraine headache," said her wise sister, "acts like that. All the real sufferer wants is to be completely ignored." That was the last headache Pat suffered. Her best current tricks are fainting spells and melancholic fits—both effective attention-getters.

It is a shame that Pat is a little unbalanced, for she is a vivid person. Her wit gives life to any conversation, and she delights in adding to discourse the spice of profanity. Stopped for reckless driving, she has cussed out more than one traffic officer. While driving to a picnic once, she ignored a stoplight and was promptly hailed by an irate officer with a thick Irish brogue. "Well," said Pat, "the car in front of me went

through. I thought I could too."

"Sure now, and if the other car drove in the river, I suppose you'd be after doin' it too!"

"Sure now, and wouldn't that be a hell of a damn-fool thing to be doing?" she snapped back. The officer stared for a moment. Then he laughed, and let her go with no more than a warning.

I am at a loss to explain her last prank. All I know is that when I last heard of her, she was in bed with a fractured back and a tale of falling downstairs. What really happened is that she jumped from a second-story window, being careful to land where she would not be killed. When she was finally well enough to be out of bed, she had one dress that would fit over the heavy cast that encased her body. Did she wear it? She did not. She visited her neighbors clad in spectacular scarlet pajamas, a purple housecoat, and a short yellow cape.

Yet in spite of all her peculiarities, she has reared her children, as I have said, with intelligence, and has kept her family intensely loyal. The contradiction in her character makes me wonder, if there is an after world, what Pat's place in it is to be. She has made so many people miserable that perhaps she should burn eternally; but I think she would like hell-fire better than the company of identical angels dressed in immaculate white. I can just see Patricia in heaven, in a flaming halo and a bright red dress, breaking up the celestial chorus with "Hallelujah, I'm a bum!"

On Handbags

I have prepared my nerves and I want you to prepare yours. If you are ever walking along the street behind a woman who is carrying one of these handbags, and rain begins to fall, don't be surprised or shocked to see her reach into her handbag, pull out an umbrella and a slicker, pick up her dog and place him in the purse, and snap shut the padlock on the top. And don't be startled if a bit farther along she opens her bag and scolds the dog and Junior for quarreling about which one gets the powder puff to lie on.—GEORGE L. ALEXANDER

The Chosen People

RUTH SHAMES

Rhetoric I, Theme 13, 1940-1941

THE Israelites, descendants of the tribe of Judah, followers of Judaism, have come to be known as Jews. The Bible calls them, "The Children of Israel, His Chosen People." The meanings of words are changed by common usage, but no word has been so used or misused as the word *Jew*.

Now I'll admit we Jews are not the greatest people in the world. We no longer claim to be God's chosen race. We are the most self-defaming people in the universe, but we resent being defamed by anyone else. We don't mind criticism, for we admit there is much to be criticized in many of our people. But please, if you're going to condemn us, be consistent. We cannot all, at the same time, be Communists, Socialists, Capitalists, and Democrats. We cannot want to conquer the world when we want only to live peacefully. We cannot possibly sacrifice Christian babies at our religious feasts if we are all atheists. We have had, of course, men of all kinds among us—Karl Marx, Albert Einstein, Leon Trotsky, Baron Rothchild, Judas Iscariot, and Jesus Christ.

The Chosen People have sometimes been given special definition within the countries from which they hail. In Spain they were known as Infidels. In Russia they were said to be the authors of the forged Protocols of Zion, which advocated World Revolution. In Germany they are now known as contaminators of a pure race. Hitler claims the Jews are not like the rest of mankind, but a species alien and apart. Shakespeare has said that a Jew does "possess the same organs, dimensions, senses, affections,

and passions as a Christian," but at present, I am sorry to state, Mr. Hitler is drawing larger crowds than Mr. Shakespeare.

Today *Jew* has come to mean whatever men feel it to mean. It is not a term which people use rationally, but emotionally. Americans, I believe, are the most unprejudiced people in the world. We have to be, since we are composed of practically every race, religion, and color. But even the American people can easily surrender reason to emotion. Patriotism is a wonderful thing, but not when it blinds tolerance. In these democratic United States rabble rousers have yelled at the people, "Kill the negro! He's killing your race!" and the Ku Klux Klan responded. They called, "Destroy Communism, before it destroys you!" and the American Legion behaved like a group of children. Today the real despoilers of Democracy are shouting again. This time they give a new meaning to the word *Jew*. It now stands for Un-American.

Call us what you may, there is the best and worst of mankind in us. But when America is the "last stronghold of Democracy" you can be sure the Jews are taking a strong hold and hanging on to it. There is no one anywhere who appreciates Democracy more than we do. And the only way that the people of the United States can remain democratic is to remember that this nation is composed of all races and will always be, as long as this remains a true democracy. The Jews are very ready to concede that the Chosen People of today are the American people.

Socialized Medicine

PHILIP DALTON

Rhetoric I, Theme 14, 1940-1941

SOCIALIZED medicine, as I understand it, is a practice which provides medical care for a group of people on a fixed contract basis, payment being made either by the individuals, their employers, or the government. In the United States today, there is a vital need for some socialization of medical service. Many serious shortcomings exist under our present system of individual practice. Adequate medical care, under present conditions, is unavailable to a large proportion of the people. There is also an obvious lack of preventive service—that is, there are too few authorities at work in the removal of conditions which encourage disease. Another great fault of our present system is that communities throughout the nation have unequal facilities for medical care. Some centers of population are oversupplied with doctors and hospitals, and some undersupplied. The cost of medical service under the present system is a cause of widespread hardship and dissatisfaction. It falls heavily upon those with small incomes, for whom unexpected costs may mean years of debt. The lack of coordination in the medical profession makes it difficult for the people to find adequate care, for they have little means of judging the skill and conscientiousness of a doctor—hence the tremendous waste of money on quacks, cults, and other fakes. Irregular practitioners receive about one hundred and twenty-five million dollars a year from the American public.

The best and most logical answer to all of the faults of our present system is socialized medicine. I believe it would ultimately do away with all of the present

inadequacies. It would provide thorough medical care for all. Hospital facilities and preventive as well as curative service would be at the disposal of all communities and classes. It would lighten the financial burden of medical care. Many economies would be introduced—savings in overhead, laboratory services, routine examinations, and treatment. It would provide for more equal distribution of costs—that is, costs would be met by taxation and would fall more on those better able to pay. It would do away with excessive fees, fee-splitting, unnecessary operations, and unnecessary visits and care. It would raise the standard of health throughout the nation, because medical service would be more extensively utilized. By removing obstructive financial terms it would reduce the evils of self-treatment or delayed treatment. Periodic health examinations would be encouraged, and patients would be guided and assisted by competent authorities in the selection of physicians.

There are those who say that socialized medicine would not be desirable. They claim that medical service would suffer and that the quality of service would tend to deteriorate. They say that the doctors' incentive to do good work would be removed and that their personal responsibility would be lowered. Another argument they offer is that this system would result in an enormous bureaucracy—that doctors would be liable to political manipulations and red tape.

All of the arguments offered by opponents of socialized medicine can be easily answered. There is no reason to believe

that medical service would deteriorate. The quality of service would remain high because of the natural love most doctors possess for their profession. Rewards and promotions would be offered to physicians who do distinguished work; thus the impulse to do good work would be stimulated. Doctors who would become careless under socialized medicine are just as likely to become careless under our present system of individual practice. Socialized medicine would not necessarily set up a bureaucracy or expose doctors to politics, because social-

ized medicine would be no more political than other agencies now operating successfully under government control—such agencies as public education, public health, and public postal service. Let the system of socialized medicine be administered by the medical men themselves, and they need fear no bureaucracy.

Socialized medicine has been tried out in several foreign countries and found to work well. I believe that the benefits which might be derived from such a system would be sufficient to overcome all arguments against it.

Theme-Writing in Rhetoric

MARTHA LOU BOTHWELL

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1940-1941

AS I labor now, endeavoring to syn-
chronize thoughts with words to fill
up these pages, I am seized by an im-
pulse to throw my pen, to rise and shout,
"Writers are writers, and there's them
that ain't. And that's ALL THERE IS
TO IT!" Zing—with a shoe or something.

But then tomorrow's Wednesday. This
thing has to be in. And so I struggle on,
draw more doodles, add a line, scratch
out two, take up a clean sheet of paper,
and go through the whole worrisome
process again. It is all very wearing.

Now there seems to exist a school
of thought which places a great deal
of emphasis upon self-expression. The
advantages of adequate self-expression
can hardly be denied. But this school
thinks apparently that the art of self-
expression in writing can be taught to
freshman students. With all the re-
spect due to rhetoricians, I sometimes
think that, considering how feebly this
aim is accomplished, they might with

more success take up bean-counting.

For it seems to me that if the student
is not especially fired by intellectual
fevers no other power can incite in him
the urge or the capacity to write any-
thing more thrilling than "Jack, the dog,
ran after the cat," and then wonder if a
comma is necessary after the word "dog."
I am trying to say, I think, that writing,
like brains, is a God-given gift, and if
He didn't bestow it upon you—then you
had better take it up with God and not
with your rhetoric instructor.

If theme-writing must be taught, how-
ever, the struggle should take place, not
during the freshman, but during the
senior year. Then the mature student-
writer could draw on a broader range of
experience, on a more serviceable vo-
cabulary, and on a more deeply en-
trenched respect for intellectual pursuits.
Until this reformation in rhetoric in-
struction takes place, most of us will
have to get along without self-expression.

Grohean

BILL ZACK

Rhetoric II, Theme 14, 1940-1941

WHEN I was first old enough to know that the West was peopled with cowboys and Indians, I discovered in the town library a fascinating book: *Old Jim Bridger on the Moccasin Trail*. It led "Young Jim," a frontiersman, through a never-ending series of battles and dangers until he was "Old Jim." Somewhere in this tale Jim picked up a grey Indian pony, which he promptly named "Grohean." When I learned that Grohean meant "grey horse" in some Indian language, my joy was complete; I could speak Indian. Shortly after this discovery I was given a bicycle, named, of course, "Grohean."

On my two-wheeled Indian pony I pursued buffalo and Indians down the quiet streets of Sheffield. Many were the times when Grohean dropped with an arrow in his side. After being thus ambushed, I lay behind his body and desperately loaded and fired my long rifle at the attacking "Injuns." On several occasions—especially after I had heard of Custer's last stand—the painted warriors closed in and, even as I buried my tomahawk in the head of the chief, they brought me down and divided my scalp among them.

After two years of active battle, Grohean was stolen, even as it happened in the book. In the book, Jim recovered his Grohean, but I had to get a new one. About this time, too, I got a job delivering papers. My route was nearly six miles long, and for four years I struggled over its interminable length every night except Sunday, bringing the world to

your doorstep with the *Kewanee Star-Courier*. In order to pass the hours, I again rode my noble Grohean. Sometimes I was on the Pony Express. Sometimes I was an Indian or a road agent, robbing and killing and striking terror into the "Old West." My nondescript dog, Pat, was a tame wolf, accompanying me on all my raids.

I took good care of Grohean, checking to see if his "shoes" were properly inflated, polishing his outside, and greasing his inner works. During these years he was ready at all times for instant action. Sad to say, after I retired from the newspaper business, I did not take such care of my trusty steed; the tires sagged, the spokes rusted, the paint grew tarnished. Last fall I needed money pretty badly and started looking around for something to sell. Of course Grohean was my victim. With a dime's worth of steel wool and several dollars' worth of elbow grease, I made him presentable. As I looked at him, however, I began to feel sentimental. I remembered how I hated the rain that had beat down upon me and my miserable dog, soaking us to the skin; how I cursed the weather, the papers, the customers, and even myself; how I had bucked high winds and biting cold on the north road along the railroad tracks; how I had sweated and thirsted on broiling July afternoons.

So I kept putting off the day when I would insert the fatal ad in the local paper. No one wants to buy a bike in the winter time anyway; I'll sell him in the spring.

My Dear Henrietta

ALBERTA MENZEL

Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1940-1941

February 2, 1876

MY DEAR HENRIETTA:

If you could but see me now, you would marvel at my red cheeks, for I have just come in from a delightful skating party on the lagoon. How fortunate is my fair city of Chicago to have such facilities for the healthful sport! I wear my gray alpaca for skating, carry the little muff you sent me for Christmas, and glory in being the envy of the park.

Speaking of clothes—the dressmaker has been here these three days past, employed in making new gowns for Sister Louise and myself. Mine is to be a bewitching ball gown—white silk, the underskirt in puffs of material with tulle plaiting around the bottom, an apron overskirt and a pointed bodice, trimmed in tulle, a bertha with flowers on the shoulders as well as in a huge pink bow on the fulness at the back. I shall wear flowers and pearls twined in my curls—doesn't that sound delicious?

The first opportunity I shall have to wear my silk will be at the ball the Markhams' aunt is giving for Lucy's twentieth birthday—she is but one year older than I—which promises to be a most elegant affair.

Did you know my Aunt Richmond presented me with fifty dollars? Father counseled me to be wise and save it for something which will “enrich my life rather than my person”—you can imagine how it burns in my pocket; I fear I am not at all sensible.

This morning I made a few lotions for myself, having no trust in those so blatantly advertised. I pass on to you

one recipe—it whitens and purifies the skin most marvelously. Take a lemon, make a little hole in it, and fill the hole with sugar candy; seal the opening with a bit of leaf gold and roast in hot ashes. When desired, remove the seal and squeeze a little on a napkin and wash the face with it.

Yesterday, while rearranging my book-row, I discovered my old school books. Nothing would suffice but that I terminate my labors and leaf through each of the familiar volumes. I could almost see you and me, back at boarding school, learnedly discoursing on all matters of science. Sometimes I wonder if I ever feel so much alive as I did while in school. To hear me now, you would think me utterly incapable of setting my mind above dainties and dancing, ruffles and beaux.

I hope your dear family are all quite well; Mama is poorly, but we pray she will soon be sound again. Affectionate regards from

Your devoted friend,

JULIA HERMANN

March 3, 1876

MY DEAR HENRIETTA:

It drizzles most miserably, depriving me of my walk; yet I rejoice in the opportunity to give you an account of the Markhams' ball. As I anticipated, no cost was spared to provide sumptuous elegance. Mama being indisposed, Sister Emma and her husband obliged as my chaperons, as they knew I desired greatly to be one of the party. My new gown must be most attractive, for no sooner had we paid our respects to our

hostess and I taken my place with my sister, than I was quite besieged with most personable young men. I danced most of the evening, except while I was being treated to a variety of ices by one of my *devotés*—c'est le mot, n'est-ce pas? I felt much pity for the elder Miss Hanson, as she was seldom requested until after the sets were formed.

Now I must confess, dear friend, that there was one man who has aroused more than a little admiration in me. His name is Jeffrey Alden. That is all I shall say now, except that I will admit we danced *three* times! He also asked if I would make him happy by selecting him for my protector home. I trust you will be discreet in this matter—do not disappoint me, I beg of you.

The behavior of Annabelle Toskin has been most scandalous—I shudder to think of my feelings should such talk be directed at me. She attracts society's barbs by her most unseemly conduct. More than once have I seen her on the public streets after sundown—unattended! Yet that is not the worst—she disappeared from the ball last night for five minutes! I do not know how she escaped her mother's eye, nor do I know what motive prompted the Markhams to make her their guest. Certainly she will not be invited in *respectable* homes again.

Mama calls me; so once more adieu from

Your loving friend,

JULIA HERMANN

P.S. At the ball I also met a young man who is studying to be a doctor. I almost asked him to tell me of his life in medical school and explain some of the new discoveries to me; but I feared I should be considered indiscreet and forward, and confined myself to amusing him with prattle about the theatre.

Yours, J. H.

April 29, 1876

My DEAR HENRIETTA:

The doctor has just left my dear Mama. Every day she seems paler, though as saintly as ever. I feel so helpless, receiving Mr. Alden and attending theatre parties, while my mother lies in her darkened room. Why can I not help her? I long to find why she is ill—I feel I know the cure, yet I am too untrained to find it. If only I knew science—I have read the articles on the microscope in *Harper's* over and over; I can feel my fingers twirling the knobs, my brain finding clues to disease, while I stupidly crochet table scarfs, or exchange civilities with Mr. Alden. Making beef tea is all I can do, and even the servants can have that ability.

I must go to her now—if she is not too weary I can read to her from my favorite, George Eliot. *There* was a woman who forced men to acknowledge her genius, even if she had to use a trick to do it!

May God bless you, Henrietta, for listening to the outcry of

Your futile friend,

JULIA HERMANN

June 30, 1876

My DEAR HENRIETTA:

My father was certainly most wise in advising me to save my money for a worth-while cause, for I have used it to go to the World's Fair in Philadelphia. Sister Emma and her husband proposed the trip, and since I had the \$34.50 for the round trip fare, Papa gave his consent to the project that we three go. It has been most illuminating—my continual amazement is that they were ever able to tear me away from the Woman's Building, where every real feminine achievement was illustrated. I dallied for hours before the display showing woman's work in medicine. I had great

hopes of persuading Papa that I might be allowed to study this science as do some of the girls of the middle class, but as usual, he is adamant.

I also saw the new machine which writes—the typewriter, I believe. This I should like to learn to operate, but when I asked Papa, he laughed at me and said, “There, there, daughter, do not worry about such a temporary innovation—besides, the nervous system of the female is too delicate to permit such an occupation.” I fear I was impertinent, for I said women were no more delicate than men, only more sensitive. He answered gravely, “I am distressed to see you so unwomanly. And as to your argument, have you forgotten the misfortune of Mary Wilder?”

Mary Wilder is one of my friends who attended Vassar. She is lately returned home, much upset nervously, will see no one, and cries without cause. Papa is right, I suppose, and yet I secretly hope that girls will some day conquer such nervous delicacy.

Today I persuaded my brother to row on the lagoon with me. I fear he will soon indulge in smoking and liquor unless he gives up his association with the other dandies. I am using “woman’s good influence” on him as Mary E. Walker suggests, but to no avail. If you can, send help please to

Your faithful friend,

JULIA HERMANN

August 9, 1876

My DEAR HENRIETTA:

Please interrupt your well-beloved croquet to hear a most astounding bit of news. On New Year’s Day I will be—yes!—Mrs. Jeffrey Alden. I trust you will share my joy at this felicitous event. Last June Mr. Alden addressed me most courteously and asked humble permission to be my suitor. I answered

his letter saying that his attentions were neither unnoticed nor unwelcome, that by his worthy actions he had won his way into my affection and esteem, and that I trusted our feelings would not change, but ripen into the purest devotion, to be culminated and blessed with matrimony.

Our engagement will be short because of my mother’s health, as poor Mama is not at all well. She is highly content in my engagement and desires the nuptials as soon as proper and convenient for fear that she may become worse. As she is too weak to arise, I sew in her room to give her what comfort I can offer. I am crocheting a watch stand for Mr. Alden from a pattern in Godey’s Lady’s Book, as well as a boudoir cap. And, of course, my trousseau will be a charming amount of needle work! I hope I will complete it quickly.

Tonight Mr. Alden and I attend the opera. I feel most gratified to appear there—he is so amiable that I am very proud, as ill becomes me.

Do send your best wishes soon to

Your affectionate friend,

JULIA HERMANN

P.S. On perusal of this letter, I find I have not shared with you Mr. Alden’s many virtues. He is most courteous, attendant to my slightest desire, generous to a fault—our life together promises to be of the happiest. My parents are agreeable, nay, anxious that our union be effected. If I cannot truthfully say that I cherish for him the tenderest of affections, at least I do esteem and respect him, which is all any girl can expect to feel when she enters into wedded bliss. Yours, J. H.

November 30, 1876

MY DEAR HENRIETTA:

Do you remember the conversations we had in boarding school when we so

fervently discussed the affairs of government? All the excitement over the election has quite thrilled me. I consider Hayes the better candidate, for I do not blame Grant for the atrocious scandals which were visited upon his administration. Nor do I consider it safe to have the choice of the rebels in office—the war is yet too recent to chance allowing a man like Tilden with the rebel vote behind him to seize control. Oh how I wish *we* could have the vote! When I listen to my father and his friends conversing on the topic of the election, I feel that no woman could be more silly than some of the men. Hours are spent quibbling over a point which seems absolutely clear to me. But breathe no word of this, my dear friend, or I shall be labelled a strong-minded woman.

Though I decided that I should be able to discuss such matters with my fiancé more than with anyone else, I was much disappointed. He said to me, just as Papa would have done, "Dear Julia, the charming heads of women were made for parties, not politics. I shall expect you to leave such affairs to me and busy yourself with the happiness of my home after we are married." After such a stinging rebuke from my intended, I could not but be silent, though I burn with indignation at such an estimate of female intelligence.

Anticipating your presence at my wedding, I remain

Your affectionate, though
political, friend,

JULIA HERMANN

December 18, 1876

MY DEAR HENRIETTA:

It is two in the morning. I feel your surprise at my writing at this hour, but I cannot sleep.

In a fortnight I shall be wed—permanently. Even now there is no turning back. Mama would be crushed by the disgrace of a broken troth, Papa furious at my declining such an advantageous match.

Do not, dear friend, draw from this that I do not wish to marry Mr. Alden. Aside from the regard which I feel for him, there is nothing for me except marriage. My father with his servants does not need me to keep his house; I am ill-trained for any useful work; nor would I be accepted in any profession except teaching, and that at the cost of my position in society.

Tonight I have been wondering what my life would be if circumstances had been different. If I had been given an education equal to that of a man, would my intelligence have been sufficiently developed so that I would be worthy of having the vote? If woman suffrage were granted, would not woman's natural kindness and mercy bring a happier day to our nation? Just think, Henrietta—if I had studied medicine, might it be possible that I could have found a way to save my mother from the fate that hangs over her? I even wonder whether, if female clothing did not demand such corseting and padding, ruffles and bows, much of woman's weakness and ill health might be avoided? If woman were equal with man, would she prove to be of greater worth than a lovely parasite?

I have heard that every woman is prone to doubts and fears just before her marriage. Perhaps these are mine. Pray make no mention of what I have here written. But, dear Henrietta, what a waste of precious lives of usefulness, if these hypothetical suppositions of mine were true! I almost hope these

weak fancies are false, for "The saddest words of tongue and pen are only these —'It might have been!'"

Believe me, dear friend,

Yours lovingly,

JULIA HERMANN

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The Problems of a Waiter

HERBERT RICKERT

Rhetoric I, Theme 14, 1940-1941

THE door opens. A customer staggers in, plops himself into a booth, glances at the menu, and looks up expectantly. A white-clad student waiter hurries to the booth with a glass of water, a pad of paper, and a ready pencil. Once more the customer scans the menu from top to bottom. The waiter waits. Suddenly a series of sounds as from a badly tuned radio emerges from the booth.

"Give me a blwk pulkwable mamrie grob, without mayonnaise, and a sasrinkerie blab."

The waiter looks puzzled.

"Pardon me, but I didn't understand you. Would you mind repeating your order?"

The customer looks up angrily, looks down again, and says, "Give me a wlwk balpuble gumrie gub, WITHOUT MAYONNAISE, and a zindrible wbwab."

The waiter, fearing to inquire again, nervously tries to translate the customer's order into English and prays fervently that he is right. Usually he isn't.

Again the door opens. A chattering group of girls. While the waiter waits

expectantly, they debate noisily the advantages and disadvantages of sitting in certain booths, wave and shout to friends on the other side of the store, and finally sit down. Another debate on what to order. Slowly the topic of conversation changes.

"Marie, I've got the cutest instructor in Rhetoric, and you'd never guess what he said to me! Well, he said"

"Imagine!"

"Really?"

"Well!"

While the morsels of gossip and slander are tossed about, the waiter waits. Finally one girl happens to notice him. Then, as if on a signal, they all give their orders as a chorus, each using a different lyric. It is the waiter's problem to separate the lyrics and note them on his pad.

A little old lady enters. Slowly she steps down the aisle, glancing at each booth as she goes. She sees one to her liking and eases into it. She picks up the menu, reads it carefully, moving her lips, and then repeats the process. The waiter waits.

One by one she eliminates the various dinners listed until only two are left. Glancing from one to another, she chirps, "Waiter, I'd like this dinner." (An aged finger descends upon the menu, hurries up and down, and lights on a small paragraph.) "Only I'd like this vegetable (the finger drops two paragraphs) in place of this one (the finger hurries up the menu), and the vegetable on this dinner (another flight of the finger) in place of the potatoes. Also I want this salad. I wonder if I could—do you have buttermilk? I'll have buttermilk to drink. Will you hurry this order? I have an

appointment in fifteen minutes. Thank you."

Meanwhile the waiter stretches his aching neck, makes a few marks on his pad, sighs heavily, and leaves.

As you see, a waiter's life can be hell. There are nice people, and there are mean ones; there are pleasant words and there are insults and scowls; there are tips and there are haughty silences. Many waiters have become so hardened to the eccentricities of the human race that they have adopted the following motto: "The customer is always wrong. Be sure to let him know it!"

Splendid Isolation

E. L. BIBERSTEIN

Rhetoric II, final examination, 1940-1941

IN THE middle of September, 1939, immediately after the outbreak of the war, our history teacher in high school made a survey of the class's attitude toward the policy of the United States—whether she should pursue a policy of isolation or whether she had better intervene. As it happened, the whole class—about twenty persons—favored isolation, while only one—myself—advocated intervention. This ratio is significant. It was at that time about the same throughout the country. And no wonder, if you consider how sound the arguments justifying isolation appeared to be: in the first place, there isn't anything the Germans would want over here once they've defeated the Allies; secondly, even after a victory, they would be far too exhausted and confronted with too many problems to attack a country as strong economically and as far distant as

the United States. Why, then, should we go over there, lose our men, and spend billions of dollars, only to get cheated by our allies as we did in the last war? No, let them fight it out alone, by all means. The average American, who was interested mainly in the continuation of the way of living he was used to, accepted these arguments without question.

It is too bad that history isn't a science like mathematics, where we can say, for example, that alternate interior angles on parallel lines are equal, no matter who drew them on what paper with what kind of pencil. History is different, simply because identical circumstances never recur. Sometimes, however, similarities in circumstances and events are so striking that we can't possibly overlook them and may use them as a basis for speculations about what's ahead of us. Well,

let's see if we can't find a chapter in the history of men that bears close resemblances to our present period.

Was there ever before in the world's history a man with an abnormally strong belief in himself, a man who assumed power when his people were in great distress, who promised to lead his nation to prosperity and make it the foremost power on earth? I refer you to the Napoleonic era. The backgrounds and the policies of Napoleon and Hitler are pretty much the same. Both are men of force. Both tried to maintain a "friendly" attitude toward their powerful neighbors; both would suddenly undertake some coup of annexation, and then affirm immediately afterwards their desire to maintain peace. Napoleon succeeded, and Hitler has succeeded so far, in tricking their enemies each time they tried to. The main thing, however, and this disarms one isolationist argument, is that Napoleon did not show any intention ever to stop as long as there was another great power on earth beside his own. Hitler acts in the same manner: he wasn't contented with Austria, with Czechoslovakia; he took Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, Luxemburg, France, and still he wants colonies and concessions from Britain. So there is no reason to believe that he does not want the United States in whole or in part.

In the question whether Hitler would be too exhausted after the war to attack this country, I refer again to Napoleon, who fought continually for sixteen years without exhaustion. When he did not have enough men at his disposal, the

people he had subdued had to go into battle for him. The same thing happened at Dakar, where the French fought for Fascism against their own countrymen and former British allies. Hitler might use this method against the United States should he defeat Canada. Besides, Hitler's close friends, Russia and Japan, are evidently anxious to acquire some more territory. Wasn't an airplane base discovered only recently on one of the Russian Aleutian Islands? And who can tell what is going on on the many little "uninhabited" Pacific Islands which cannot be found on any map? How about Mexico? Wouldn't she be grateful for her "lost territory" of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona? We shouldn't forget that, during World War I, Mexico was all set to line up with Germany against the United States. An official from the German embassy happened to leave his brief case in a subway, so that the whole plot was discovered. Maybe this time the plotters will be a little more careful about the things entrusted to them.

And what does all this mean? It simply shows that the question is not up to us at all. Suppose a man, standing in the rain, wanted to decide whether or not he should get wet. His decision does not affect the rain drops. They fall on him no matter what he decides. They may drop from the gray-black sky any minute now. We may have waited too long. We should have gone with the others. We should have put up our share of the cab-fare long since. Will we be able to pay the fare alone? I hope so, but I doubt.

The McGuffey Readers

LORENE KETTENBURG

Rhetoric II, Theme 15, 1939-1940

DURING the years between 1825 and 1875 many German, Scotch-Irish, and English people came from northern Europe and settled in the newly opened Northwest Territory. These people were hard-working, God-fearing, and conscientious, and they quickly established themselves in new homes, soon forgetting their native countries in this land of wealth, opportunity, and work. After they had secured themselves in new homes, their next thought was for the education of their children. Schools were very few, and textbooks were rare. The *Puritanical Readers* and *Murray's English Readers* were the two best known texts, but neither was suitable for these rugged pioneers, being too suggestive of the drawing rooms of the smug Bostoners and of the governesses and estates of the English nobility.¹ These Midwesterners were a new people who needed a new reader. The McGuffey reader filled this need.

The originator of the McGuffey readers was tall, redheaded William Holmes McGuffey, an Ohio farm boy, born September 23, 1800. McGuffey had little opportunity for education during his first eighteen years, but his father taught him arithmetic and surveying, and his mother, by borrowing books and by using the Bible, instructed him in reading and writing. Schools in those times were far apart and were dependent upon the voluntary subscriptions of the settlers; consequently, the sessions were irregular and timed in order not to interfere with heavy field work or building.

Young William possessed a remarkable memory, and by the time he was

twenty-one he was able to recite verbatim any book of the Bible.² In later life as a preacher he delivered over 3000 sermons, and though he never wrote one of them out, he was able to repeat any given one almost as he had originally delivered it. He took up Latin and Greek when he was nineteen and became in time one of the foremost scholars in the country. McGuffey attended Washington College, graduating in March, 1826, and then went to Oxford University at Miami, Ohio, where he worked for part of his board and tuition. A kindly professor paid the amount which he lacked. Board at that time was seventy-five cents a week and the tuition three dollars a year.³

McGuffey spent several years of diligent and hard work at the university and in 1829 was ordained. In 1832 he became a professor of moral philosophy. He stayed at the university ten years in all. It was during this period at Oxford that McGuffey conceived the idea of compiling a reader for primary education and first began work on it. He had for some time realized the grave need for a new reader for the children of the Middle West.

It is interesting to note here his method of teaching. Much of his experimenting in child psychology he did out-of-doors at the edge of the woods where trees were being felled to make new buildings. He had a log for reading, a

¹"McGuffey Readers," *Ohio Archaeological and Historical Quarterly*, 36 (1927), 161.

²Minnich, *William Holmes McGuffey and the Peerless Pioneer McGuffey Readers*, 21.

³H. S. Fullerton, "That Guy McGuffey," *Saturday Evening Post*, 200 (Nov. 26, 1927), 57.

log for spelling, one for arithmetic, and one for grammar. To encourage the spirit of competition, the student doing the best work was permitted to sit on the big end of the log and protect his position from all challengers.⁴ McGuffey first arranged his children in age groups, tested their capacity to learn by his prepared lessons, and made necessary changes every day. Gradually he codified the lessons until he could take children step by step through an elementary education. From his arrangement of the work he evidently believed that there should be a primer and four readers. His fifth and sixth readers were works of later times. The nucleus of his readers consisted of the classic stories he had had copied in long hand and sewed into cloth book covers.⁵ He used these cloth-covered books to test his students. In the informal setting of the woods, McGuffey was able to watch the reaction of his students to the various stories and was able to determine which stories would be suitable. If a story had a good moral and the children enjoyed it enough to ask for it again, McGuffey incorporated it into his book. McGuffey always insisted upon having a moral in his stories, and, though he did not permit the moral to be stated bluntly, virtue always triumphed, and sin and evil were punished.

In 1836 McGuffey made a contract with Truman & Smith, publishers, to prepare four readers in the ensuing eighteen months. According to the terms McGuffey was to receive a 10% royalty until the sum obtained from the sales reached \$1000, at which time the publishers got the entire receipts.⁶ In the next fifty years eighty to ninety million books were sold, and after the Civil War the publishers voluntarily paid McGuffey

an annuity for the use of his name. At one time more than one-half of the school children in the United States used his readers.

The first reader contained seventy-two pages, was bound with green paper backs, and sold for twelve and a half cents.⁷ This book attempted to plant in the "infant barbarian mind" a sense of dependence upon parents and of responsibility to them. It taught the students as much as it was able in its seventy-two pages about behavior and the rights of others. A section at the beginning of the primer, and in the other readers also, was devoted to speech, gestures, and elocution. Apparently McGuffey believed in teaching his young students how to talk and persuade before they reached the great classics. By the time they read this difficult material they would be able to repeat passages of the classics aloud with oratorical emphasis. McGuffey himself was a great orator, and on him may be placed much of the responsibility for the Fourth of July style of oratory.

The second reader contained 164 pages, and its purpose was to lay the foundation for manly integrity. The price of this reader was twenty-five cents. The third reader cost fifty cents, and within its 165 pages social responsibility was introduced.⁸ Students were taught co-operation and mutual respect. The fourth reader, of 324 pages, cost seventy-five cents; the advanced selections included work of authors like Rousseau, Schiller, Dr. Johnson, Sir Walter Scott, and Shakespeare.

The reputation the McGuffey readers won was due to the care with which Mc-

⁴*Ibid.*, 58.

⁵*Ibid.*

⁶W. J. Cameron, *The Mind of McGuffey*, 15.

⁷H. S. Fullerton, *op. cit.*, 64.

⁸*Ibid.*, 63.

Guffey had gathered his selections. He had included what he considered the proper proportions of humor, pathos, love, adventure, sorrow and an especially large proportion of material on death and on preparing to die. The emphasis on death was not uncommon in those days; all the school books printed before McGuffey's time had devoted even more space than he to this depressing subject.⁹ It was thought that the children should be prepared early to meet the inevitable. McGuffey's readers, however, in contrast to the old ecclesiastical readers and the Bible, which was used extensively in educating children, contained more flowers, woods, birds, and starlit nights than stern men and subjects for fear. McGuffey gave his readers action. He gave them even a dash of sex at times, as shown by this one-syllabled illustration: "Ann and Nat. Ann has a fan. Nat has a hat. Ann can fan Nat."

After the readers had been on sale for several years, they were thoroughly revised, and in 1853 they were worked over and issued in six books, called the New Readers. In 1878 they were revised again, and new selections were put in for old ones. When the books were revised last in 1901, new material was added, but even the latest editions retain about 20% of the contents of the original books. Today, first editions of McGuffey's readers are rare; even the Library of Congress does not have a complete set; as far as is known no complete first edition set exists.¹⁰

With McGuffey's careful selection of material, his arrangement of it, and his psychological study of students' likes and dislikes, it is little wonder that these readers spread in popularity and were used

all over the Northwest Territory and even got into the Eastern schools. The effect which these books had upon the entire Middle West was profound. The practical German, the thrifty Scotch, and the witty Irish all read these books, and all enjoyed them. They opened the gates of literature to all these people, and their stories in many instances opened the people's eyes to a much vaster store of knowledge which could be obtained through other books. McGuffey's simple readers did more for American education, morals, and culture than those of any other educator, and they had great influence—particularly on the people of the Middle West.

⁹*Ibid.*

¹⁰"McGuffey's Edifying Texts Become Museum Pieces," *News Week*, 8 (July 25, 1936), 26.

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The Man with the Gold Collar Button

LARRY ROBINSON

Rhetoric I, Theme 14, 1940-1941

THE battered covered wagon labored across the creek and up the broad low knoll into the shade of the oak trees. It creaked to a stop and the women dropped the reins over the dashboard. A moment later a man on horseback, driving ten or twelve gaunt cows, rode up beside her. He leaned on the saddle horn.

"Well, Sarah, this is it." He dismounted. It could be seen that he was small and wiry. His black coat was tight over his wide shoulders, and his legs were bowed from long hours in the saddle. There was a youthful growth of black whiskers over his jowls and chin. He spoke in a loud, flat voice.

"We've worked a long time for this land and now that we have it we're going to make something of it. You see that land out there?" He pointed toward the west over a vast rolling plain. "We're going to own that land too some day. We're going to build our house right here and then, by God, I'll raise more cattle than Illinois thought there was in the world!"

They worked hard and the time went fast. Early in the spring of 1850, they began their house, building it sturdily of oak and brick. Then in the fall of 1852, when the farm was ready to be restocked, the man left for the West. He traveled widely, picked out the best spring heifers he could find, and when he had gathered a fine herd he drove them back and set them loose with his other stock in the Mackinaw River region. They were hardy Longhorns and Herefords, and they multiplied fast under his experienced care. Many other people

had settled with him at the same time, but soon the lure of land and gold in the West drew them away. The man bought their land, and his territory grew. By 1865 he had three thousand acres and two thousand cattle. He hired men to buy cattle in the East and West and to send them to him. When a herd was fattened he sold it at the right time and made thousands of dollars. In a few more years he had five thousand acres and four thousand cattle. He had achieved a quick success.

Now that his farm was established and his sixty men were running it for him, he began a life of comparative leisure, but he never lost his energy and ambition. He used to ride at a gallop over his land, jumping fences and ditches. He had good horses and a special forty-pound saddle, and he could stick to a horse like the horse's own hide. His ability to ride was as well known as his gold collar button. His daily apparel (it never varied) was a shiny black suit, boots, a broad-brimmed black hat, a celluloid collar, a huge solid gold collar button, and no tie. He kept the collar button shiny and was never without it.

Like most men, even most successful men, he had a weakness. After selling a train load of cattle, he rode to Eureka on Saturday night with his pockets bulging with money. There he got into a crap game or a cock fight or a poker game. Invariably he was beaten. Then, with his buddy, the town drunk, he went to the tavern. He didn't touch alcohol from one Saturday to the next, but on Saturday night he howled. Not long before dawn he staggered to his horse, and rode

home to bed—just in time to get up and go solemnly to church with the family. He was known to everyone as a pious, hard-working, honest cattleman. Of course he was a real “hoss-trader,” but no one held that against him. He had a reputation for being “damn good on a trade—beats the devil how he connives around till he gets what he wants.” He was respected both by “the boys” and by the ladies of the Temperance League. Before long he became known as the “Cattle King of Illinois.” His success had grown more and more impressive.

On a winter night, in the middle of a raging blizzard, one of his men stamped into his office and reported that he hadn’t been able to find the prize bull and the cows that followed the bull. Because these were the best cattle on the farm he couldn’t afford to lose any of them. He pulled on his boots, donned his black suit, hat, and coat, and his gold collar button, saddled the mare, and set out. He headed for the Mackinaw River, where he thought the cattle might seek shelter, rode along the bank for several miles, and found fairly fresh tracks leading into the water. Urging his horse on, he started across. The thin layer of ice over the river shattered before

horse and rider as they plowed through. Suddenly, in mid-stream, the horse stumbled. The rider was hurled into the water, but he clung to the reins, got the horse on its feet again, and started on. After searching for two more hours, he finally found the herd, huddled beneath a dirt bank, their tails to the wind. Cracking his bull whip and cursing, he headed them back. After five hours of hard riding he turned them into the corral. The next day he had a bad cold. A few days later he died of pneumonia.

There is a story that the old timers tell as they sit on the high stone curbing of the town square in Eureka, Illinois: “Afore Henry M. Robinson died he had built the biggest damned monument in Eureka cemetery, and he had her put up in his corner plot and had ROBINSON carved on it in letters a foot high. When he died he had the biggest funeral this town ever did see—damned near s’many people as they was at the mayor’s third wedding. Well, he was buried next to his wife, and y’know—damndest thing—the people across the road said that every Saturday night about midnight the town drunk would come out, stiff as a lord, and lean on that two-story monument, and holler and cry there all night long.”

Professor

He speaks earnestly and sincerely. His features are mobile, frown following smile in quick succession. He loves his subject and is thoroughly familiar with it. He strains to impart it. Occasionally he pauses, rigid with thought. Then eagerly he catches up and resumes the lecture. He mimics and gesticulates feelingly, yet ever presents a dignified picture. When he speaks in the vernacular, the words automatically assume quotation marks around them—as though they were not really his. Sometimes he sniffs excitedly as he pounces upon particularly important points.

History plays upon the stage. Scenes shift. Now tragedy, then comedy. I give myself up to it unreservedly, forgetting to take down notes in my absorption.

—MARTHA LOU BOTHWELL

Why Girls Leave Home

RUTH SHAMES

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1940-1941

WHEN a college boy dates a college girl, he seldom asks her what she intends to be or do. He takes it for granted that she intends only to be a wife, and that she's doing her best to find a husband. Whether he is right in his assumption is not the question; the question is whether any girl should come to college for the sole purpose of finding a husband.

Well, why not? Aren't college men considered the cream of the male crop? Aren't they the best educated, the best equipped for a vocation? These are the future professional men, the men who are placed in the most responsible positions. And what girl wouldn't want to see herself sharing in a husband's fame?

When a mother pridefully outfits her girl for college it's for two reasons: a mother wants her daughter to attract the male eye, and the daughter wants to attract the male eye. Many parents find it a good investment in happiness or material prosperity to send their girls man-hunting. And even the sophisticated parents of today who loudly proclaim their lives to be their own still find their greatest pleasure in their children's pleasure. Parents from a small town know that college life and college men will give their daughter a bigger world, give her a chance to meet many people. Among them, perhaps, her husband-to-be. A girl in a city is able to meet more men than a small-town girl can, but at a large college she can become well acquainted with many more men, if she tries. Thus college benefits both the city and the country girls in their search for suitable spouses.

Marriage is also the refuge of a girl with no particular talents. She can always pick up the abilities of a good housewife in Home Ec classes. It's a shame, perhaps, that the state has to pay for her education when her mother could probably do just as good a job for much less. But we the people of the United States want to make our citizens happy, and if the girl finds a suitable mate she'll be happy. If their daughter is happy the parents will be happy. Even the man will be happy, for at worst her cooking could not be as bad as the average college fare, and at best she might turn out to be everything he thinks she is.

But let's look at this question from another direction. It is known that a girl matures sooner than a boy. Therefore a girl of the same years as a college boy is usually much older, and, in a good many ways, much wiser, than he. The college boy is either dependent on his parents for his money, or on his own talents or limited resources. A boy who leaves college to marry is not usually prepared to support a wife, and even the college graduate often finds that the business world has a hard shell protecting it from immature interlopers like himself. Of course if he is lucky he might find a generous father-in-law who would place him in business, but this status is seldom satisfactory.

If a girl's chief desire in life is a husband, then, I don't believe that college is the place for her. In spite of what many college girls believe, there are many men who, having never been in an institution of any kind, are not only capable of making excellent husbands,

but are nice people as well. Why then do a girl's parents send her to college to find a suitable mate? The University of Illinois, whose venerable foundation was laid on Indian hunting grounds, is one institution which was never intended as the hunting grounds for 'stalking females. It seems to me it would be more beneficial to the girl, too, to spend her time and money on clothes and expert grooming. Then if she needs to meet men let her travel. She can probably acquire a more suitably practical education and meet more men traveling than she can in a classroom. Studying science doesn't benefit a girl if her mind is on at least six other subjects—all male. If a girl leaves her books to go out for

a walk under the moon the night before an exam, of what benefit is her course to her? If she cuts classes to go coking, what good are her classes? She is willing to get by on a minimum of work as long as she gets a maximum of pleasure.

Frankly, I believe she ought to find pleasure elsewhere, and leave the colleges for those who sincerely want to make the most of their education. Young women ought not to consider a University a perpetual "Sadie Hawkins' Day." Why don't they go home and give the rest of us a free hand? We don't believe in using a college as a marriage bureau, but of course if Mr. Right comes along it's possible we might sacrifice our career. Say, mister, are you married?

Uncle Will

NOEL L. HANNAH

Rhetoric I, Theme 14, 1940-1941

UNCLE WILL'S eyes were the most striking thing about him. Usually they were flashing and glaring, reminding one of angry ocean waves. A few times I saw in them a soft light—then they were comforting and beautiful. His eyebrows were large and shaggy, his face smooth white, his hair a glossy black. A handsome man in features and physique. Prosperous looking. And indeed he was prosperous. To each of his nine children he willed one hundred and sixty acres of the finest of Illinois' rich farm land.

He had, unfortunately, one serious fault—so serious, in fact, that it turned what could have been a happy, useful life into a wasted, tragic one. It was his temper! His temper grew beyond his control and caused everyone to fear him.

His own children shrank from him. After an outburst of temper, he was oftentimes cruel to his wife. Therefore, as soon as the children were old enough to provide for themselves, Aunt Ida left him. After forty years of living with him, she got a divorce and moved into town. No one blamed her. We of the family were glad to see her rid of him. A good thing for her.

But a bad thing for Uncle Will. He continued to live in the huge farmhouse. He hired several housekeepers, but none could endure him as an employer. One of his daughters tried to do his laundry and mending, and another cleaned his house once a week, but they soon quit. As time passed, he grew worse and worse. Sometimes, on Sunday mornings, he would come to our house to play

checkers with my father, and within an hour he would have lost his temper and left, raging like a bull. The time came when he was actually unwelcome at our house—and at everyone else's house. Everyone hated him. To no person did he as much as say "Morning" or "Evening." He never visited his children's homes, and none of them bothered about him. No one could get along with him. He rode around the country in his muddy, red Chevrolet coupe, never nodding or making any sign of greeting to his neighbors. Father used to worry about his being so alone, never knowing the companionship of a human being, rebuking any advances of friendliness.

For three years I delivered Uncle Will's groceries and picked up his cream and eggs, and in all that time he never

said a word to me. When I walked into the kitchen, he just looked to see that everything was as he had ordered, gave me the basket of eggs, and carried the cream cans to the truck. I was always glad to speed down the drive again, eager to get away from the old savage. It was on one of these delivery trips that I last saw him alive.

The next morning some neighbors found his body about thirty yards from his car. The car had apparently skidded down the slippery banks of the lane that led up to his farmhouse, and had crashed into a tree. His right leg had been broken and the other injured to such an extent that he couldn't use it. He had tried to drag himself to the telephone to summon help, and had frozen in the sub-zero weather.

Part of the Game

RICHARD ZIEGLER

Rhetoric I, Final Examination, 1940-1941

THE COACH stands in front of the window of his room, musing. It is Monday morning and time to go to school. The life of a coach, he thinks, is a fine life. Last Friday night they tripled the score on Mooseville, and the people have been patting his back ever since.

Monday evening comes. The coach pulls on his white pants, basketball shoes, and sweat shirt. Everybody is out to practice; tonight is the last practice before the game with Dalton, the strongest team in the league.

"Okay, boys," calls the coach, "start that half-and-half drill." Everyone responds to the order. Nets swish and basketballs bounce. Mr. Brown comes to the coach and sits beside him.

"Pardon me, Mr. Ball," says Mr. Brown, "but I think Junior ought to have got to play more last Friday. Now it isn't because he's my boy, but I think that he's a better player than Jones and *he* played the whole game."

(Boy, what a spot!) "I'll tell you, Mr. Brown," the coach answers. "I didn't let Junior play very much last Friday because it was such an easy game. Maybe he'll play more next time."

"I'm sure he will. Good evening." The visitor leaves.

"Who the devil does he think he is?" the coach wonders, looking at the receding back. "That kid couldn't play a good game of tiddly-winks. Some of these people think that their brats are the

only ones in school." About this time he sees Dave Smith trying a freaky back-hand shot from under the basket.

"All right, Dave," he yells. "There aren't any photographers here, so cut out the horseplay."

He steps on the floor and blows his whistle. All of the players group around him, shoving for a position next to him. Everybody is feeling fine. He gives orders for a short scrimmage and lines up two teams. Things are going along swell. Now if only something doesn't happen. Five minutes later the coach sees Dave trying that crazy shot again. "All right, Flash," he calls, "you're through for tonight. Go down and dress."

The embarrassed player goes out the door. A substitute is put in and practice continues. Fifteen minutes later the squad is dismissed, and the coach goes to the local restaurant for dinner.

Tuesday drags by; Dave is mad and threatens to quit the team. He'll be back by game time—maybe.

Tuesday evening comes. The squad files into the dressing room and begins to dress. The coach writes the lineup in the scorebook and starts giving instructions. "Jones and Hart take the two forwards. Dave, you go to center. Charley, you and Blaine play guard. Now all of you listen! Play this game slow tonight. They are faster than you, so don't take chances on losing that ball. That's all—wait! Don't go up yet. There's plenty of time."

Then the door opens, and big Jake Mooney comes in. Back in '29 Jake was a university flash. "Hello, boys," he booms. "Everyone in fine shape, eh? Well, I'll tell you just what to do. Go in there and fast break and shoot every chance you get!"

"Good lord," thinks the coach, "who does he think he is? I'll have to send the boys out and get 'em away from him." "Okay, boys," he yells, "let's go."

The game starts. The home team gets the ball and begins to work as the coach has told them. Then the ball is passed to Dave, and he tries that ungodly shot that he was sent to the showers for. The ball goes out of bounds. The visiting team takes it, streaks down the floor to score.

"Come on, boys, play her steady," mutters the coach. Just then Dave fires away again, and the ball goes over the bank-board.

"What the hell made him do that?" the coach groans. "Bill, get in there in Dave's place and pass that ball." Dave comes out of the game, and the crowd begins to stamp their feet.

"Put Junior in. Put Junior in!" That's Mr. Brown.

"Fast break, fast break or you'll lose the game!" roars Jake.

. . . .

The first half ends; the teams take their rest; the people sit in the bleachers upbraiding the coach or commenting on the refereeing. The second half comes, and with it comes defeat to the home team.

"Mr. Ball, I *know* we would have won if Junior had played," puts in Mr. Brown.

"My god, coach, how do you expect to win with an offense as slow as that," moans Jake.

"We lost the game when you took Dave out," counters Mr. Smith, shaking his head sadly. All of these accusations fly through the air at once.

Finally, tired and disgusted, Mr. Ball reaches his room. Sitting on the bed, he resolves never to take another coaching job at twice the salary.

He's Tired

RUTH SHAFF

Rhetoric I, Theme 14, 1940-1941

NOW he just sits and smokes and thinks. The pipe hangs droopily from the corner of his mouth, and saliva trickles down his wrinkled chin unnoticed, finally falling into the folds of his coffee-spotted vest. His bleary eyes stare blindly through the blue haze, and white streams of smoke issue from his nostrils in lazy spurts. His fingers move idly through the front lock of his white hair, pause at the temples, scratch. Scenes from the past drift through his mind in jumbled array.

He hasn't always been old and useless. I can remember well the times when I toddled into his drugstore to ask for pennies. Those were the good old days when a drugstore window bore only a sign in Old English lettering such as:

DRUGS & SUNDRIES

T. H. FILSON, Proprietor

I held him in awe then. That little drugstore was his kingdom. He sat in his dingy shop in a sagging Morris chair and chewed the rag with some small-town politician, fixed radios, or mixed mysterious solutions in the back room. Once or twice a fortnight he'd pass lightly over the showcases and tickle the odd-shaped bottles with an ancient feather duster. Smart salesmen loaded him with immovable stock, and his want-list remained unchecked for weeks. His window display usually consisted of a giant, fly-specked laxative ad and was changed only with each new season. The back room reeked of turpentine and chemicals, and stale smoke hung over the green-shaded lamp that lighted his table. Here,

in this musty little drugstore, he puttered and smoked and chatted with friends.

But he was a success in that way of life. He was a standpat Republican, a member of the town board and school board, and a respected business man in the community. A more stubborn man never existed. Democrats were all worthless, all public officials deficient, neighbors' children spoiled, and prices too high. Yet, however grumpy he was when he had to open on Sunday for horse medicine or croup remedy, people still loved him. He spun endless yarns of the Hallowe'en pranks, bicycle trips, "play parties," and skating sprees he had enjoyed in his youth. He ate hearty meals and wanted them served on time. The louder he cursed, the more the family humored him. He was the head of the household, then.

The depression came. His spirit was hard to break, even after his business had failed. The cash register grew rusty, the shelves never emptied, and still he sat in the back of his store, waiting for times to get better. His bank account dwindled; the house ran down. Finally he sold the store. His wife got a job in a larger town, and the family moved. He had to leave his home, where he was respected by men and feared by little children. In this new town he was just another jobless man, with white hair and a faltering walk. He tried to get work, but times were bad, and he valued his services far too highly. He washed dishes and cooked and swept. He grew more contrary and bitter. He stormed and cursed. Democrats were still worth-

less, public officials still deficient, prices still too high. Times would be better when the administration changed.

But ten years have passed, and his spirit is broken now. Coffee splashes onto his vest as his trembling hands

raise the cup to his lips. His trousers are threadbare and wrinkled, his shoes are unshined. He can't earn a living for his family.

He just sits and smokes and remembers things that happened long ago.

Snake Water

A. L. POTTS

Rhetoric I, Theme 14, 1940-1941

ONE lazy summer day several years ago, my three cousins and I were loafing along the South Fork of the Sangamon River. We were in disgrace with our families because, the night before, we had got into a fight with some fellows from a nearby town, and had broken a boy's arm. Consequently, we were camping out till things cooled off at home. As we rounded a bend in the river, we came upon a stretch of water known in those parts as "the snake water."

At this point the river roughly resembles the letter Z. We had rounded the downstream curve of the Z, and were looking at the middle stretch. The stream is wide for the Sangamon at this point, and about four feet deep. The width, combined with the depth and the peculiar curves, makes the muddy, sluggish water nearly cease to flow. Willows crowd into the stream as if they are trying to choke it. Here the Sangamon seems more like a pond than a river. A pitiful story is connected with the naming of the snake water.

. . . .

Several years ago the willows did not grow so thickly, and the water flowed more swiftly. The boys and young men in the surrounding territory swam here regularly. One day a water moccasin

was seen. That day marked the end of swimming here for a long time.

One Sunday afternoon a young man was taking a short-cut past the snake water on his way home. When he noticed the old swimming-hole, he decided to take a little dip, just to do something he hadn't done in a long while.

He stripped, poised on the bank, then cut the water with a dive. Powerful strokes pulled him through the water. He banked at the far end and started back. There was a splash behind him; he felt scales scrape his back; he felt a rending pain in his right shoulder. He turned to see an ugly, triangular black head drop out of sight beneath the muddy water. For a moment he was dazed; then he realized that he had been bitten. He screamed and made for the nearest bank. Even as he scrambled frantically from the water, another moccasin bit him on the leg. He ran, naked as he was, for home.

A neighbor found his body the next day about a mile from the hole. He lay face downward. His fingers were dug into the ground, and his body was twisted grotesquely. His bitten leg and his head and shoulder were blue, almost black. His features were swollen almost beyond recognition, and from the swell-

ing and the discoloration it was obvious in what agony he had died.

.

"Look," said Harold, "Snake Water."

"Yeah," added Harry, "that's where Johnny Wallace got his."

"Nobody swims here any more," Howie said. "Bet you're scared to swim here, Potsie."

"I'm not scared of anything," I boasted. I had lately got a reputation for courage by stealing melons from the very patch in which the farmer was working, and I'd talked about it so much that I actually believed myself fearless. Nevertheless, I regretted the boast.

"Talks big, don't he?"

"You think I won't swim here?" I said, kicking off a shoe.

"I know you won't."

"Yeah? Listen, wise guy, if you'll carry my clothes to the other end of the snake water, I'll swim down there and be waiting for you."

Howie agreed, and I unbuckled my overalls and stepped out of them. I undressed in silence, waiting for one of the fellows to tell me that he knew I was brave enough to take the swim. No one spoke. They were calling my bluff.

I shoved off my last sock and strode to the edge of the bank. As I stood poised for a dive, I could think of nothing but stories of Johnny's death. Here I was about to do the same foolhardy thing that had killed him. Those willows must hide hundreds of cottonmouths. Dragon-flies hung on quivering

wings over the water. Where there were "snake-doctors" there were always snakes. Just as I was about to admit that I was afraid, Howie called, "What are you waiting for, lacy pants?" I tensed my legs to dive, but I couldn't.

Harry called, "Look, kid, I know you've got guts. You'd better put your pants on and come along." That did it. Harry was the oldest of the four and my particular pal. I couldn't have him think I was a bluff. I dived.

The snake water hit me in the face and brought full realization of what I had done. For a moment I couldn't stroke. My feet sank into the soft mud of the bottom. Then I took off. I know I never swam so fast in my life. I was conscious only of swirling waters, throbbing fear, a constantly nearing bank.

Scales brushed my leg. I thought, "Oh, God, here it is." I pulled harder, expecting at any moment to feel cruel fangs slashing my flesh. But nothing happened.

My hand touched the muddy bottom. As I rose to flounder to shore, I felt something coil tightly about my leg. I froze where I stood. As long as the snake remained under water, he couldn't bite me, but as soon as I left the river, he'd sink his fangs. My heart nearly stopped beating. I seized a stick, which was floating nearby, slid it down my leg, and tried to pry the hateful coils loose. They gave readily, and a pliant willow root rose to the surface. After two more steps I was on dry land. It was some time before I could put my clothes on.

What's Wrong with Rhetoric?

They made me register for Rhetoric in a class that meets at four o'clock. When the class is over I ride home on my bicycle, and by that time it is always dark. I am a no-handed bicycle rider—that is, I use no hands. No-handing is a sport that gives a sense of freedom to the soul, and an effortless gliding motion to the body. But, after dark, it is dangerous. I often hit objects: people, automobiles, rocks, trees. This hurts me and makes me angry, and this is what I don't like about Freshman Rhetoric.—WENDELL WINKELMANN

The Treasure Hunt and How It Grew

MARTIN STOKER

Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1939-1940

THE Treasure Hunt started at eleven o'clock on a dreary and uninviting February night. The weather that night was chilly and biting, and the air, wet with dew, hung heavily over our heads. The ground was soggy, dotted with puddles and small mud holes. The dew was turning into rain, and the wind rustled the treetops. The night was dimly dark, the dull light from street lamps making only a soft dull glow around the lamp-post tops. Everyone had gone to bed now, and the world was quiet, save for the sound of our feet upon the pavement. A train whistle cracked the silence twice. The night was the kind that makes you want to go to bed early, or just to sit inside and read, or just to sit inside, or just to sit. It was anything but the night I would pick for my own treasure hunt.

The first lap of the Treasure Hunt had been fairly easy. The note we got before leaving the house had directed us to a certain corner of the Old Gym. Stopping through the night, we soon reached the place. During the walk we sang songs, and called out joyously to one another, and the hunt seemed to be better than we had anticipated.

The ease of the first leg of our search prompted Ralph Wilkins, one of the more exuberant of the pledges, to remark to me, "It isn't so bad, after all, is it, Bill?" No, it wasn't so bad, I thought. "Almost good clean fun," I said. But as Bob Niggot, the president of the pledge class, read the second note, the sky became dark again.

"Go to a point 15 degrees west of the 45 minute 30 second longitudinal line

west of the prime meridian which abuts the back door of the British Broadcasting Company," Bob read. "Thence from a point chosen at random by dropping a pin which must be heard, proceed southward upon the dividing line between Champaign and Urbana for 678 paces. When this point has been attained, tack to west for the sum of seven blocks, then again to the south. Message No. 3 will be found reposing quietly at the base of a blinking red eye, the Bloody Eye, or how many did you drink?"

Niggot was puzzled. "Go to a point—." He mused over the note again.

"Gee, I don't get this," he finally said.

"Well, look," I interposed. "If we go south on Wright Street, we can't go beyond the Library, so that must be where we tack west. That street ends at First, so we must go south there. And the bloody eyes are the two WILL radio towers."

Everyone agreed immediately that my diagnosis of the note was penetrating. So we tacked south. As we passed the Place Where Friends Meet our crowd was growing very unhappy. Pledge-brother Wilkins was fast becoming morose. The wind and rain were becoming colder and wetter. So far I had remained fairly comfortable, and so far, too, I was not complaining.

After we passed the Stadium our hunt suddenly began to turn grim. The blinking red lights of the radio towers had at first seemed to hug the city limits. But the farther we trudged along the muddy, cinder roads, the farther southward those blinking red lights seemed to retreat. I began to feel the cold. Perhaps I wasn't

dressed so warmly as I had thought.

Long minutes later we approached the radio towers. They were tall, much taller than I had anticipated. Hidden away among the supporting girders at the bottom of one of the towers was our third note. Again we had to unjumble a jumble of navigation terms. Our third destination was the South Farm.

"The South Farm," repeated Niggot. "Where's that?"

"Well, Illini Nellie lives there, doesn't she?" someone brightly suggested.

"Oh, I think I know," piped up Elmer Lambby, our Pershing Rifles man. "That's the place we sometimes take the horses in military. We were out there just the other day. It's over that way." He flung his arm to the east.

"Oh, over that way, huh. How far?"

"I don't know. Mile. Maybe two."

"Yeah, and maybe three," I added glumly.

Again the class set out. This time with no high spirits. This time cold. This time not singing. This time thoroughly disgusted with the whole thing.

The cinder road from the radio towers to the South Farm proved no better than the one we had previously used. The wind and rain persisted. Everyone was wet; there was no doubt about it now. Everyone was cold. But on we trudged, knowing full well it was folly to turn back. Disgruntled mutterings began to rise from our caravan. No one seemed to be enjoying the hunt.

"Well, maybe this'll be the last one," Bob suggested.

No one wanted to venture a guess. Everyone was quiet.

"Yeah, and then again maybe it isn't," someone replied.

"Well, every other class's done it, haven't they?" Bob defended no one in particular.

"Well, sure, but I'll bet they didn't on a night like this one."

We were coming to the South Farm now. Big brick barns, better than any other barns I had ever seen, were slowly taking form against the dismal sky. Even if this wasn't the end of the hunt, I told myself, at least we had completed another leg—at least we were that much nearer the end, nearer home, nearer bed.

"It's supposed to be over by this silo somewhere," Niggot said. We began scratching in the mud. We found the note and breathlessly awaited its order. In sadness and anger we heard our next stop was not home but the Stadium. We had passed the Stadium on the way to the radio towers. What kind of business was this!

This was the Treasure Hunt, I sadly told myself. Yes, the Hunt. The yearly Hunt. It was done every year. Yeah, it was traditional. Yeah, sure. Yeah, we were on the damn thing. We were doing our part. And it was cold. It was raining. The wind was blowing. The fog was nasty. I didn't like it. My legs were tired. I was tired. I wanted to go to bed.

We found our note under Seat 20 in Row LL of the Stadium. Bob's voice cracked hoarsely as he read the message. "Go home, you frogs. Cold, isn't it?"

"Home! God, a bed!" someone shouted, and soon the cry rang from one end of the line to the other.

Yes, we were going home. At last the hunt was over. Happy, singing again, we started. The night, cold and dark and rainy as it was, seemed more friendly now. We were making plenty of noise, singing and laughing and shouting. Suddenly a car turned down the road and a swinging spotlight pierced the dark and found its target on us.

"The cops!"

One shout was enough. We left the

road as if a giant plow had been driven through our group. I ran to the stables on the north side of the road and stumbled clumsily and numbly over the iron fence. The darkness was impenetrable. I jumped quickly over, close to the side of the stables and lit in—something. The car with the spotlight passed slowly by, apparently not searching for

anyone. I felt around myself. Had I—? I smelled the air. Yes, dammit, I had.

From then on home the journey was short. I wanted a shower and a bed, and relentlessly I pushed my tired legs toward that goal.

"Lotta fun, wasn't it, guys?" Niggot said later, in a steaming hot shower.

"Yeah, lotta fun," everyone agreed.

Forty-Niners by Archer Butler Hulbert

DOROTHY JOHNSON

Rhetoric II, D1, 1940-1941

THE diary of a fictitious Argonaut of the gold-rush days of '49, based on actual contemporaneous journals, constitutes the framework for A. B. Hulbert's *Forty-Niners*. A record of the experiences of a party of forty-niners on the 2,200-mile trek from Independence, Missouri, to Hangtown, California, it presents in a new light the timeworn tale of the heroic struggles of our ancestors over "plain, desert, butte, mountain, river, and ravine" to a land of "milk and honey and gold." The expedition is comprised not of the conventional family with a poorly equipped covered wagon, but of thirty male adventurers led by the indomitable Captain Meek and possessing "sixteen masterpieces of wagon building." Their experiences—the inevitable hazards of such a journey granted—are not the dire hardships which less fortunate forty-niners suffered, but are comparatively successful. With a minimum of difficulty, they meet and overcome every obstacle, finding a challenge in each succeeding one with which they are confronted. They are eager to "see the elephant"—that is, to undergo the privations of the California

trip and to arrive at their destination. The securing of gold, their primary objective, is subordinated throughout the book to the lure of the unknown. As the narrator says, ". . . this California trail spreads its line along the way with great cunning."

But while the relatively fortunate events of the trip are being told, the reader is never permitted to lose sight of the misery of other, less well-equipped, and less well-manned trains. The "horrible, precipitous ravines" of Ash Hollow, the "tortuous Sweetwater," the "poison water in the ghostly Goose Creek Mountains," the "Valley of the Alkali Shadow of Death," are described in the authentic phrases of an eye-witness.

Casting the story into the form of a diary is highly effective in that it provides an actual account of the California gold rush. The tremendous amount of detail, however, and the short accounts of daily incidents necessarily included in such a diary, are difficult to remember and, in the main, are irrelevant to the story as a whole. Consequently, if one fails to keep in mind the fact that the book is a diary, it frequently seems

choppy and disconnected and becomes difficult to follow.

The by-play in which the author indulges—that of introducing contemporaneous comic illustrations and songs sung by the way (the songs collected for the first time in this book)—greatly enhances the reader's enjoyment of the story. Who would not appreciate a cartoon depicting any one of the crazy whims of a forty-niner in search of gold? Or what better expresses the spirit of the gold rush than "Oh! Susanna," or the following ditty:

In spirits we will keep ourselves,—
The Metal's coming in, Sir.
And not a man will now be found
Who'll say he wants for 'tin,' Sir?

An interesting sidelight to the main account of the journey is found in the references to the followers of Brigham Young and the description of their

"Paradise" in the desert. Most of the remarks concerning the Mormons were utterly fallacious, having been concocted by those who were envious of the success of the Mormon colony and having been kept alive by the prejudice of each new tide of emigrants. But creditable reports were also broadcast—especially by those who had sought and found relief in the new-found city. That the place was a virtual paradise compared to the dusty, parched trail no one denied.

Perhaps no more authentic modern chronicle of the California gold rush could be found than the *Forty-Niners*; for Mr. Hulbert wrote from the point of view of one whose purpose it was not merely to seek gold but also to record his day-by-day impressions of the sweeping drama in which he played so vital a role.

You Americans, edited by B. P. Adams

JOHN W. OSTREM

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1940-1941

THE phrase *edited by* gives the clue that *You Americans* is not a book authored by one person, but rather a collection of compositions by several authors. Fifteen foreign correspondents of unusual economic, political, and social insight contributed essays interpreting American life, particularly in its relation to their own countries. I have found this to be a totally absorbing, although disquieting, book.

Although each contribution was written by its author separately and without reference to the thesis of another's work, there is a striking relationship in several of the articles—namely, those written by South Americans.

It takes no expert at psychoanalysis to perceive the fiery jealousy which prompts the Chilean correspondent to write his criticisms of the United States. He points out the similarity in the rise and fall of South America and North America. Relating how South America was prosperous and cultured, while the United States was still a wilderness, and how through unproductiveness and dissension South America separated into numerous little pseudo-republics, he attempts to show that this country is following the same general course and that soon South America will surpass us. To support his conclusion he describes this country's falling birthrate, slowing of

production, falling off of exports, and weak politicians, who cater to the wishes of the public. He is amazed, however, at the way in which America has diffused its achievements in science among the common people. Ancient Rome had the equivalent of modern plumbing and central heating, but only in the palaces of the proconsuls. In spite of this widespread diffusion of the results of science, however, when one-third of the population depends directly or indirectly on the government for sustenance, he says it is difficult to believe that a system of private enterprise prevails. His Argentine cohort chimes in with a similar note of disaster. He says, and not without considerable economic perception, that now that the frontier has disappeared, America must look to some solution to her economic problems other than free land. A fellow Latin from Italy foresees the slow decay of America due to the inadequacy of our system of distribution. Distribution is, of course, a problem—a problem which must be solved; but the United States is still a growing country in many ways and must, as a matter of course, cope with serious economic problems.

As if in answer to these critics, a Hungarian relates the intelligent way in which Americans discuss and solve their problems. A Norwegian answers the Latins' argument by stating that, although the geographical frontier has been swept away, there still exists the

frontier of the mind—that is, we are not contented with the advantages we now possess; we are always striving for those objectives conjured up by the mind. He concludes his argument with this statement: "America has everything, wealth, brains, and ambition. It is collecting talents of a score of races as oppression sweeps Europe and Asia. Whatever happens in Europe, the future is America's."

Some foreign views of the typical American differ greatly from our own. For instance, a Mexican tells us that we are more deeply religious than his own supposedly devout people. *Hard* and *Yankee* go together, but according to this observer we are really soft. The fact that the adjective *gregarious* is used throughout the book in defining the American people suggests that others do not share our prized conception of Yankee individualism.

Often in a book authored by one man, discussion swings around a single thought or idea. This, of course, could not be true of *You Americans*. Each author had a new idea, a fresh viewpoint, or an argumentative answer to another's statement. The freshness and variety of these ideas, moreover, increase the value of the book, for the opinions held by a foreign correspondent are significant, since they are a reflection of his country's attitude toward the United States and an indication of what his country is being led to believe about the United States.

Rhet as Writ

(Material written in Rhetoric I and II)

The two Beavers were trying very hard to dam the creek, and each time they would try again. . . . The thought I had in mind when watching the Beavers reminded me of Boulder Dam. The men who worked on the dam looked like Beavers because they worked on and on even at night. The dam had many difficult things of their own to plan out as the Beavers.

. . . .

Then came the final event. The two men took their places at the starting line. It was to be a hundred yard dash. Smith's knees wobbled slightly, and then they were off.

. . . .

In the mean time her husband who comes back from England lives with the preacher not letting him know that he

was the husband of the girl he had illegally gave a baby too.

. . . .

This book helped me to increase my vocabulary.

. . . .

True platonic friendships are rare, and they are usually culminated by marriage which legalizes the offspring of the friendship.

. . . .

In my senior year I don't remember of writing but only 1 theme. But I do not believe that it was our instructor's fault because we didn't have to take our last year English. . . . In my other 3 years of school, we studied a good deal of grammar but the only criticism I have is that we did not have to write enough theme to practise of it.

Honorable Mention

- ALLYN AGDESTEN—College Conversation
LUCILLE ALBIN—Life on a Mississippi Cotton Plantation
ARABELLE BIRGE—Tracy
BURTON BRODY—It Could Happen Here
JAMES BROWN—New England Hurricane
GEORGE CLARK—Bah! Humbug!
FERN FREEDMAN—The Negro Makes Music
EUNICE GORE—Are You Guilty?
BUELL HUGGINS—Senseless Art
JOHN M. HUNTER—The Increase in Governmental Activity
DOROTHY JOHNSON—The Range of Chaucer's Humor
MARY ELAINE JOHNSON—*Days of Our Years*
DOROTHY JOOST—Miss Effie
CHRISTY KNAAK—Daydreamers
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JOHN PODRAZA—Alcatraz Island
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LOIS SLYDER—*The Importance of Living*
HAROLD SUSSMAN—Credo
ROBERT WOLFF—My Home Town Newspaper

